

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 22.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY, 7, 1810.

NO. 1116

GRISELIDIS.

A TALE.

(To be Continued.)

On the borders of Piedmont, in Lombardy is a noble domain, called Saluces, the possessors of which have always borne the title of Marquis. The bravest and most powerful of all these noblemen was one named Gautier: he was tall and handsome, and endowed with the choicest gifts of nature; but he had one fault,—he loved too well the liberty of a single life, and never could bear to think of marriage. His barons and his vassals were much grieved at it, and met to confer amongst themselves on the subject; and, after deliberating, they sent deputies, in their names, to address him in the following manner:—

"Our sovereign lord, and sole master, the love we bear you, has inspired us with the boldness thus to address you—You have always made us happy, and we think ourselves fortunate to live under such a master; but consider, beloved lord, the years pass quickly away, never to return; and although you are now in the prime of life, old age and death, from which none are exempt, daily approach. Your faithful vassals, who will never disobey you, now request, that you will permit them to find a lady, who, from high birth, beauty and virtue, shall be worthy to become your wife. Grant, Sir, this favour to your faithful subjects; that, should any misfortune happen to your noble person, we may not, in addition to our grief, be left without a master."

To this address, Gautier, much affected replied—

"My friends, it is true I had rather enjoy my present liberty, which I must lose by marrying, if I may believe those who have tried it. Another inconvenience attending the marriage state is, that the children we have so earnestly wished for, we sometime doubt being our own. Notwithstanding this, I promise you to take a wife; and hope, with the goodness of God, that he will grant me one with whom I shall live happy. But first, I wish you to promise me one thing.—That whoever I shall make choice of, be she of high or low degree, you will respect and honour her as your lady; and that none of you will afterwards presume to blame my choice, or murmur at it."

The barons and vassals promised faithfully to observe the commands of the Marquis, and thanked him for having yielded to their request. He then fixed the day of his nuptials, which diffused an universal joy through all his domain.

At a little distance from the Castle was a small village, inhabited only by labourers, which the Marquis often passed through when he went a hunting. Amongst the inhabitants was a poor old man, whose name was Janicola, bending under the infirmities of age, and who could scarcely walk. The blessings of Heaven is often shed upon the humble cottager!—This old man was a proof of it; for he had an only daughter, called Griselidis, the beauty of whose mind surpassed, if possible, that of her person, and

who sweetly soothed and sustained his old age. In the day time she kept a few sheep which he had; and in the evening, when she brought them back to the fold, she supported him upon his humble bed. Indeed, there was no care or tenderness which a daughter owes a father that the virtuous Griselidis did not bestow upon her's.

The Marquis de Saluces had been for some time informed, by common report, of the virtue and respectable conduct of this amiable girl. He had often, when he went a hunting, stopped to look at her; and, in his heart, he determined if ever he chose a wife, it should be Griselidis.

At length the day fixed for the wedding arrived, and the palace was filled with knights, ladies, and people of all ranks; but it was in vain that they asked each other who was the intended bride: none of them could tell. The Marquis set out from the Castle, attended by all the company, as if he was going to meet her; and when he arrived at the cottage of poor old Janicola, he said to him—

"Janicola, I know you have always loved me, and to day I expect that you will prove it, by giving me your daughter in marriage."

The poor old man, astonished at this proposal, humbly replied—

"Sir, you are my sovereign lord and master, and your will is mine."

The Marquis then addressing the daughter (who stood by her father much confused at this unexpected guest) said—

"Griselidis, your father has given his consent, and I hope to have your's also, to be my bride. But you must first answer me one question in his presence,—I wish to have a wife who will be submissive to me in every thing, who has no will but mine, and, whatever may be my caprices or commands, be always ready to obey them. If you become mine, do you consent to observe these conditions?"

Griselidis replied—"My lord, as such is your will, never will I do or wish for ought but what you please to command; and should you order me to be put to death, I promise you to suffer without a murmur."

"It is sufficient," said the Marquis, and at the same time took her hand, and, leading her out of the cottage, presented her to his barons and subjects; saying—"My friends, behold my wife—behold your lady,—whom I beg of you to love and respect, as you do myself."

After he had said these words, she was conducted to the palace, where her attendants dressed her in the most splendid manner, and with all the nuptial ornaments.—She blushed and trembled, which is not at all surprising: for any one who had only seen her at the village, and the moment after, so adorned, must have been astonished.

The marriage was celebrated that day, the Castle-re-echoed with all sorts of musical instruments, and the sound of mirth and joy, for his subjects appeared to partake of the delight of their master.

Until then Griselidis had been esteemed for her excellent conduct, and from that time, sweet, affable, and obliging, she made herself as much beloved; and all who knew her, either before

or after her exaltation, thought she merited her good fortune.

Sometime after she became pregnant, and was delivered of a daughter, that promised to be one day as beautiful as her mother. Though the Marquis and his subjects would rather have had a son and heir, there were great rejoicings every where. The child was nursed at the palace by the mother, and when she was weaned, Gautier, who, though he admired the virtues of his wife, and loved her every day more and more, had been for sometime determined upon his project to prove the obedience, came, one day, into her apartment with the air of a man much disturbed at something, and said to her—

"Griselidis, without doubt you have not forgotten what was your situation before I raised you to the rank of my wife; for my own part, I had nearly lost the remembrance of it, of which the many proofs I have given you of my tender friendship must convince you; but of late, and particularly since you were brought to bed, my vassals have murmured highly, at being destined to become, at a future time, subjects to the grand-daughter of Janicola; and it being my interest to preserve their attachment, I find myself obliged to make them this cruel sacrifice, which will cost my heart so dear. I was not, however, willing to resolve upon it, without first informing you; and I am now come to ask your consent, and exhort you to show that obedience you promised before you become my wife."

"Dear Sir," humbly replied Griselidis, without letting appear on her countenance the smallest sign of grief, "you are my sovereign lord and husband; my daughter and myself are wholly at your disposal; and whatever you may please to command, I never will forget the obedience and submission I owe, and have solemnly vowed to you."

So much moderation and sweetness astonished the Marquis, who retired apparently much afflicted, but in his heart full of love and admiration of his wife. When he was alone, he called an old servant, who had been long attached to him, and explaining his design, sent him to the Marchioness, to whom he said—

"Madam, deign to pardon the melancholy commission I am charged with. My lord and master demands your daughter."

At these words, Griselidis, calling to mind the discourse of the Marquis just before, believed that he had sent for his daughter to have her put to death. She, however, dissembled her grief, and repressed her tears; and, without making the least complaint, or even breathing a sigh, took the child from its cradle, and looked at it with the tenderest affection for some moments; then, having made the sign of the cross on its forehead, and kissed it for the last time, she resigned it to the steward.

When this man returned to his master, and related the proof of courage and submission he had just witnessed, the Marquis could not cease admiring the virtues of his wife; and when he saw the tears of the little child which he held in his arms, his heart relented, and he was near giving up his cruel experiment; but his resolution returned, and he ordered his old servant to

convey his daughter secretly to Bologna, and put her under the care of the Countess de Empeche, his sister, and request that she should be educated under her own eye, but to inform no person whatever, not even the Count, her husband, of the mystery. The steward punctually fulfilled his orders; and the Countess took charge of the child, and had her secretly brought up, as her brother requested.

After this separation, the Marquis lived with his wife as before. He often watched her countenance, to try if he could read in her eyes any expression of grief and resentment, but in vain; for she invariably shewed the same love and respect, without the least appearance of melancholy, and never, either before him, or in his absence, once mentioned her daughter's name.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NOCTURNA LUCUBRATIONES.

Where impossibilities are apparent, it is indiscretion to nourish hopes.

To insult over misery, is the undoubted character of barbarous inhumanity.

To incur God's displeasure for man's favour, is for a man to kill himself to avoid a hurt.

Good rewards never fail to crown the end of a well-prosecuted good.

Though the ways of virtue seem rough and craggy, yet they reach to heaven.

Face-commendation sets a fool in the chair of ostentation, but dies the cheek of wisdom with a scarlet blush.

To master a man's self is more than to conquer the world; for he that conquered the world, could not master himself.

There is not half so much danger in the desperate sword of a known foe, as in the smooth insinuations of a pretended friend.

Unwise is that man who can be either dejected or exulted with the frowns or smiles of various fortune.

That man is commonly of a good nature, whose tongue is the true herald to his thoughts.

He that always observes the censuring murmurs of idle people, can never let the blush of suspicion depart from his cheek.

In the clearest sunshine of fair prosperity, we are subject to the boisterous storms of gloomy adversity.

He that is indebted to grief, let him borrow of patience, and he shall soon be out of debt.

CONDUCT IN LIFE.

Let prudence guide—
What Wisdom dictates strict obey,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

The ignorance in which we are left concerning good and evil, is not such as to supersede prudence, in conduct; for Wisdom is still found to excel Folly as far as light excelleth darkness. But it is that degree of uncertainty which ought to render us temperate in our pursuits, at the same time that our confidence in an over-ruling Providence should cure the soul of the corrosive canker of anxiety.—anxiety is the passion of human life—it is the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. In a word, where every thing is so doubtful—where you may succeed in your wish, and be miserable—where you may be disappointed, and beat in the disappointment—what means this restless stir and commotion of mind? Can your solicitude alter the course, or unravel the intricacy of human events.—can your curiosity pierce through the cloud which the Supreme Being hath made impenetrable to mortal eye? To provide against every apparent danger by the employment of the most promising means, is the office of wisdom,—but at this point, wisdom stops—it commands you to retire after you have done all that was incumbent on you, and to possess your mind in peace. By giving up to immoderate concern about unknown events, you can do nothing to advance your success, and you do much to ruin your peace; you plant within your breast the thorn that will gall you,—to the vanity of life, you add vexation of spirit.

For the New-York Weekly Mirror.

MR. HARRISON,

I believe the effects of Love and Liquor are pretty much the same; each leaving a tendency to deprive us of our reason while under their influence. Those who may differ in opinion with me are requested to read the following cases. The first that of a Lady who went Mad with Love—the second, that of a man who got drunk with Liquor.

X.

POOR POLLY—THE MAD GIRL.

Poor Polly was mad, and she sighed all alone,
Her bed the damp turf and her pillow a stone,
A poor tattered blanket enveloped her form,
But her bosom was bared to the pitiless storm:
For alas! in that breast reigned love's ardent desire,
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool the fire.

Her hair was dishevelled, and straw bound her head,
And lovely her face, though its roses were fled—
Her notes though untutored by musical art,
Were plaintively wild and sunk deep in the heart—
And the strains that unceasingly flowed from her breast,

Were, 'the vulture has plundered the nightingale's nest.'

POOR DENNIS—THE DRUNK MAN.

Old Dennis was drunk and he sat all alone,
By the side of a ditch with grass overgrown—
Though the blanket was thin which enveloped his form,
He cared not a cent for the pitiless storm.
For Whiskey he still had an desire,
And warm was he with it, though far from the fire.

His hair in uproar stood erect on his head,
And pale was his face, though his nose was quite red;
His notes they were harsh and discordant to hear,
Like the notes of a pig when a dog bites its ear—
And the strain that unceasingly flowed from his breast
Was 'Whiskey's the liquor that pleases me best.'

EDMUND'S GRAVE.

The remains of a lover are visited by the wretched Fair One, with an agony bordering on distraction—this truly affecting object is happily portrayed in following lines—

Slowly bend the willow trees,
O'er the brook their branches wave,
Near their root the stranger vees
The rustling grass on Edmund's grave!

When at midnight's silent hour,
Distant bells sonorous toll
When the thundering torrent's roar
Strikes with dread the guilty soul,

Laura, wandering, leaves her cot,
Edmund's fate in anguish weeps,
Seeks the sad sequestered spot,
Where in peace her lover sleeps;

Hark! she sweetly strikes the lyre,
Mournful sound the trembling strings,
Bounding from the moss-clad spire
Through the vale the music rings:

Wild on the air the numbers float,
Wild through listening woodlands fly,
Whilst she forms the pensive note,
Hark—she heaves the frenzied sigh!

Now her voice in cadence low,
Softly fills the attentive ear,
As the murmuring waters flow,
On the pebbles drop a tear.

Oh! the bliss my soul would find,
Could I ease thy troubled breast—

Lovely manner! should thy mind
Know the sweets of balmy rest:

But alas! no earthly power
Can distract Laura's case!
No—she waits the final hour
When the Eternal grants release!

ON SILENCE.

ONE of the sages of antiquity advised us to consider the restraint upon the tongue as the first of virtues, and adds that the man who knows how to preserve a judicious silence is almost a God. Others among the ancients, and not a few among the moderns, have likewise enlarged on the benefits of silence; and had their advice been taken, I doubt not that we should have been a very quiet world, and no noises heard but from parrots and magpies. People in general, however, have thought proper to decline following an advice which would prove fatal to one of the chief members of the body, and prevent the display of a talent which frequently enables the possessors to shine in company, or at least in their own opinion.

It is commonly represented that silence is a great virtue, that it is a proof of great wisdom, and very often all that prudence has to resort to, when her other schemes have failed. For my part, I know not whence the love of silence could have proceeded, nor why so many authors have agreed to recommend it, unless they had at the same time recommended us to live in solitude in which situation only I conceive that silence is practicable in the present state of things. Authors, indeed, conceive very highly of virtues which they have no opportunity of transgressing: a man in the solitude of his study may write very learnedly upon silence, who has no person to contradict him just as another may descant with great feeling and energy upon extravagance and profusion, who has not a shilling to spend. But, sir, before we dignify silence with the name of a virtue, we ought to consider whether we do not by that mean *an act of violence* as a vice; and thus accuse many of our worthiest friends and acquaintances of crimes, while they think they are only employing one of the powers of nature, as nature has appointed.

This is an important question; for in all crimes, it is the intention we are to look to, and not the fact; now in the case of silence and speaking, before we can judge the one or the other to be either a vice or a virtue, we ought to consider the intention; that is, we ought to know, which I apprehend none but the parties themselves can know, whether those who are silent could speak if they would, or whether they are silent for want of something to say. Alas! to refrain the lips argues nothing one way or the other, as merely killing a man in his neither kindness nor murder until the intention be known. But as it is very difficult to know when a man is silent from wisdom, and when from the want of it, we ought to be cautious of bestowing praise or blame where neither may be merited.

A second inquiry ought to be, whether man was intended for a silent animal? It is certain that some nations are more silent than others, but I believe the experience of all travellers will prove, that wherever civilization, especially if joined with freedom, has made great progress, the tongue will be found in its loosest state. I am far, therefore, from being of opinion that Englishmen are more silent than other nations, and for the reason I have just stated, namely, that an Englishman's condition in point of freedom and civilization has long given him the privilege of talking upon more subjects than other nations, and I do verily believe that the principal reason why he is thought a silent animal is from the report of foreigners, who, knowing that he was permitted to talk with perfect freedom, were disappointed when they found that, on some occasions, he could hold his tongue.

It ought therefore to be a question, whether man was intended for a silent animal; for *social and silent* ever man (and I hope every woman) will agree are qualities altogether incompatible. In familiar language, indeed, we always say that a silent man is an unsocial being; and there are very few who like such being, nor would they be allowed to exist among mankind in civilized life, if now and then, where there happen to be many speakers it were not found convenient to have a few hearers, and it is no doubt a wise ap-

ment of nature, that there are some persons made expressly for that purpose. They are therefore tolerated, as various heresies are tolerated, not from a green we have for their principles, but because they are quiet, and do not endeavour to propagate them. There are, to be sure, various kinds of silence, but it is held in so little reputation that we compare even the best of silent to a certain description of wine by a familiar proverb which I shall not repeat, but which begins with 'the still sow.' &c. These, by the bye, are very clearly distinguishable from that *swinish* and *swinish* silence, which is known only by noise and turbulence.

It may be again observed, that silence is impossible in the present state of society, because it is impossible to be silent in a world where every thing is in motion. So well are the enemies of silence, that is, the great bulk of mankind, apprised of this, that the only time they set apart for silence, or can endure it in themselves, is when they are asleep; and even here so totally does the tongue pass into a state of indolence, that many persons talk in their sleep, and some have been told full as sensibly when awake. In the night time, likewise, if one should chance to awake, those vigilant guardians of our peace, the watchmen, are appointed to tell us the precise hour; and this is a very worthy gentleman of my acquaintance says, to him a very great comfort: 'It is,' adds he, 'like having somebody to talk to which is always a pleasant consideration.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 7, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 55 persons, (of whom 11 were men, 6 women, 7 boys, and 11 girls) during two weeks, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of casualty 1, consumption 6, convulsions 1, debility 1, diarrhoea 2, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 2, drowned 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 2, fistula 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, intemperance 1, liver disease 1, pleurisy 1, St. Anthony's fire 1, small-pox 1, still-born 2, whooping-cough 1, and 1 of worms.

A duel was fought near Wythe court house, in the state of Virginia, on the 6th ult. between Mr. Robert Taylor, and Mr. William Patton—Mr. Taylor fell the second fire. The cause of the duel originated in a contention for the hand of a young lady, whom they were both at the same time addressing.

WONDERFUL CASUALTY.

Danville, Vermont.—On the 6th inst. the day after the annual training, a number of the inhabitants of Glover, Barton and Sheffield collected for the purpose of digging a small drain at the north east end of a Pond, which is three miles long, and in some places about a mile wide, situated principally in Glover, but a part in Greensboro', with an intent to obtain a larger supply of water for a Mr. Wilson's mill, in Glover, which was scarcely supplied by a stream issuing from a small pond a short distance north of the one above mentioned. It appears that the outlet of the large pond took a southerly direction and formed a considerable branch of the river La Motte and lay something in the form of a bellows, with the widest part north—and that the outlet of the small pond takes an opposite direction into Barton river to lake Mumfordsmagog.

The adventurers began digging at the broad end of the pond, calculating to cut only a small channel, to convey the water into the small pond first, which would naturally take its course to the mill, three or four miles distant, in a northerly direction. They dug a ditch about 6 rods long, 4 feet deep, and 8 feet wide, at the end of which was a rapid descent from 60 to 100 feet, and a more gradual but considerable declivity from thence to Barton river. The water

began to issue, and it was found that this denier bank, which had resisted the waves for many centuries, was nothing more than a bed of quick sand, except about four feet at the margin of the pond, which was composed of gravel and earth exceedingly hard. Immediately on the waters making its way in a small stream over the extremity of the bank, the earth and sand broke off, and in a few moments had gullied a hole near 60 feet deep and of considerable width, and this continued until the gulph extended with a few feet of the margin of the pond—when the mass of water in the pond, beginning to feel the force of this new outlet, made a desperate effort, and at one sweep, drove near half an acre of the opposing bank, with all its timber standing on it, with a tremendous crash, over the precipice to the north, and in a few minutes cut for itself a channel from 10 to 45 rods wide and near 150 feet deep to the bed of the pond, and the whole mass of waters rushed at once down the descent towards Barton river. On its reaching the small pond its force was so great that it dashed in an instant the whole of its water from its place, and pursuing the course of the outlet of that pond, in a few seconds reached Wilson's mill which it demolished in an instant, taking in its whole course from this pond the earth, timber, &c. 10 or 12 rods in width and near 20 feet deep, a distance of 6 or 8 miles in length—carried off all the bridges the whole extent of Barton river, and covered thousands of acres of land from 4 to 16 feet deep with loam, sand and timber—totally destroying all the crops, intervals, &c.

Happily no human lives were lost; nor any live property, except a valuable horse which was hitched near Wilson's mill, and a few sheep. Such unaccountable havoc, perhaps never was made in so short a time, and for such a distance, by an event so singular. The damage is estimated by some at 20, some 40, and some 60,000 dollars. A more particular account of this wonderful occurrence, it is expected will be given in our next, by gentlemen who witnessed the scene, and who have viewed the ruins.

Singular Advertisement—A handsome premium is offered to any one who will give such information, as shall be satisfactory, of a sure way to make a handsome fortune by honest exertions. No pains will be deemed too severe, if within the compass of human ability to struggle through. No risk will be deemed too great, if there is a probability of ultimate success. The writer of this is sharp set for obtaining money, that, from the above no one will doubt. But let it be understood at the same time that he is determined to use none but fair and honourable means to obtain it. He will not descend to any mean and low arts, in order to deceive and cajole the ignorant and unsuspecting, but is quite ready to launch into the wide field of hazardous enterprise, at home or abroad. Any one is able to give the desired information, is earnestly requested to prepare the answer as quick as possible, directed to A. B. and insert it in the Newburyport Herald, or give such a direction in that paper; as shall be entitled to the attention of the writer, and enable him to wait upon that person, for a disclosure of the plan. A. B.

The following extraordinary Advertisement is published in a late Baltimore Paper:—

"**RIFLEMEN, ATTENTION!** A MAN to be shot at for the benefit of his wife and children—1 dollar a shot—100 yards distance! with rifles, on Wednesday the 15th inst. at Covan's town, at 3 P. M. The above mentioned man is in a very low state of health, and wishes to leave his family snug!"

COURT OF HYMEN.

"Hail, Wedlock! hail, inviolable tie!
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
Love, honour, friendship, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite."

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. Thomas Thompson, Jun. to Miss Ann Brown, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. William Parkin, Mr. Eljah H. Madan, to Miss Rachel Holmes, both of this city.

In London, on the 21 of May last, by the Rev. Mr. Hirschel, Doctor Joel Hart, of this city, son of Ephraim Hart Esq. to Miss Louisa Levice, youngest daughter of G. Levice, Esq. of London.

MORTALITY.

Death's shafts fly thick—here falls the village swain!
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round
And who so artful as to put it by him—
Tis long since death had the mastery—
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.

DIED.

On Monday last, at the house of Mr. Kinsey, No. 5 Broadway, Thomas Gilliat, Esq. of Richmond, Virginia in the 47th year of his age after an illness of 4 months, which he bore with the most manly fortitude, Mr. Gilliat was a native of England; but for many years an inhabitant of Richmond, where the amiable qualities of his heart, and his numberless virtues are so well known, that his loss will be most deeply regretted.

On Monday evening last, Mrs. Cornelia Moore Warne, wife of Elbert P. Warne, aged 29 years.

On Wednesday evening last, after a lingering and painful illness, Abraham Cannon, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Thursday morning last, of a short illness, Mrs. Frances Cassie.

YES.

When troubles perplex me, and thought gives me pain,
And sweet smiling peace is banished this breast:
When nothing but sorrows—deep sorrows remain,
Hope springs with a smile, and a Yes makes me blest.

When sickness assails, and life ebbs away.

How sweet is the Yes which Angels convey,
From the bosom of bliss to the bosom of pain.

How sweet is the Yes of an object beloved!

How grateful the charm it conveys to the breast!
Tis the sweetest sensation that mortal e'er proved,
And the saint that ne'er tasted, is a Saint hall-
blest.

JOHN WADE,

DYER.

Most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their many past favours, and informs them that he continues to carry on the above business, in all its various branches, at No. 74 Gold street, where Ribbons and Silks of every description may be dyed any colour they will admit.

Cotton goods of all kinds Dyed various colours. The salt water and stains taken out of all kinds of goods, and put up in their original form.

Broad Cloths and Kerseys dyed and neatly pressed.

Gentlemen and Ladies apparel scoured in the neatest manner, and on the shortest notice.

Broad Clothes and Kerseys spunged and put up in their original form.

May 22

At 103 2m.

COURT OF APOLLO.

GOOD MORNING.

AN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH "BON JOUR"

The blushing precursor of Phoebus expands,
The crystalline portals of light;
And scatters the dew-dropping tints from her hands
To crimson the mantle of Night.
Sleep shakes his soft pinions and soars to the sky,
And with rapture I greet my dear Jane,
Whose health flushing cheek, and whose soul-beam-
ing eye,
Aurora but mimics in vain.

Good Morning.

Thy presence to me is the dawning of light,
And pleasure illumines my breast;
But ah! in thy absence morn changes to night—
Hope sinks like the star of the west.
Then let us, my fair one, the moments improve
Which morning allows us for bliss:
Let the new risen day be devoted to love,
And in earnest accept of a kiss.

Good Morning.

When evening returns, and in slumber I lie,
Then Fancy the scene shall retrace—
Shall light up anew the soft glance of thine eye,
And restore me thy blissful embrace,
And when thro' thy lattice Aurora's tints play,
O fly to the arms of thy swain,
With him taste the sweets of the infantile day,
And hear him repeat on the plain—

Good Morning.

SELIM.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH.

One—Female companion to soften my cares,
Two—Thousand a year to support my affairs—
Three—Dogs and a gun when to sport I incline,
Four—Horses and chaise to indulge me and mine—
Five—Jolly companions with whom to make merry,
Six—Dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry—
Seven—Beds in my house, for my friends at their leisure,
Eight—Somethings or other, to add to their pleasure;
Nine—Pounds in my pocket when cash I require,
Ten—Favours are all that on earth I desire,
And a passport to Heaven when from earth I retire.

The following whimsical Epitaph is on a Tomb-
stone in Theford Church-Yard.

My Grandmother was buried here,
My Cousin Jane, and two Uncles dear.
My Father perished with a mortification in his thighs;
My Sister dropt down dead in the Minoriea
But the reason why I'm here interr'd according to my
thinking
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If therefore good Christians you wish to live long,
Beware of drinking Brandy, Gin, or any thing strong.

WANTED

An Apprentice to the Chair Making Business, ap-
ply at No. 8 Peck Slip.

CARDS HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE,
ON MODERATE TERMS.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at
this office

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose
No. 114, Broad-Way, New York.

Among the various complaints to which the human
body is subject, there are, perhaps, none more uni-
versal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though
there is no immediate danger, yet they are often bot-
toms of trouble and extremely painful. The teeth
being that part of the human frame by which the
voice is considerably modulated, without considering
what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that
any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly
wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery
his study for thirty years, in London and America, be-
sides his apprenticeship, has had an opportunity of
gaining great information on this subject and others
in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chy-
mically prepared, Smith would now offer the public,
is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and
preserving the gums, fastening in those that are loose
making them firm and strong, preventing rotten and
decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents se-
vere and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick
corrosive matter and tartar substance that gathers
round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to re-
main, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath
eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the
gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a
good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make
use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice chy-
mically prepared, as it can be warranted not to con-
tain any of those acid and acrimonious substances,
which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the
end destroys the enamel, occasions severe pains and
rottenness of the teeth; these with many other in-
conveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders
are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or
Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to
have the materials of the best quality, and made in
the most skilful manner, for those things when made
by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first
intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under
his own inspection.

4s per box.

March 10

1099—tf

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.



Prepared after the original receipt from this distin-
guished European dentist to the present proprietor
who is induced, by the many requests of his acquaint-
ances who have given it a trial, to offer this much re-
spected preparation to the public in hopes of checking
in part, the use of common and pernicious tooth
powders which, by friction and the corrosive ingre-
dients they usually contain soon destroy the enamel
loosen and materially injure the teeth and gums.—
This mischief, and its distressing effects, is obvi-
ated by the peculiar properties of the tincture, which
preserves and whitens the teeth, fastens those that
are loose, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums
and completely eradicates the scurvy, which often
proves destructive to a whole set of teeth. The tinc-
ture is of great value to persons wearing artificial
teeth fastened to the natural ones, as it prevents the
natural teeth from becoming loose, and the others
from changing their colour.

Sold by appointment at the office of the Weekly
Museum, No. 3, Peck Slip—at two shillings a bot-
tle, with directions.

May 26.

1110—tf

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FOR THE YEAR 1809,
NEATLY BOUND.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

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The Subscriber wishes to inform his patrons and
the public, that he has commenced School at No. 375,
Water Street, near New-Slip, and teaches the art of
Penmanship upon the latest and most approved plan,
and professes to equal any; and has introduced an en-
tire new plan of teaching Spelling and Reading,
whereby Pupils will, in three months, acquire more
correct knowledge therein, than they possibly can in
six months by any other plan or means hitherto used;
Encouragement at which, and the other branches of
English Literature, is earnestly solicited. The strict-
est attention will be paid to order and the civil de-
portment of the pupils, by W. D. LAZELL.
New-York, June 2 1111—tf

DURABLE INK FOR WRITING ON LINEN
with a pen for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER;

CONTAINING,
among a variety of useful matter, the whole art of
making the various kinds of Biscuits, Drops, Pains-
tices, Ice creams, Fruits preserved in Brandy, Pres-
erved Sweetmeats, Dried Fruits, Cordials, &c &c.
FOR SALE,
AT NO. 3, PECK-SHIP.

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old
Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner.
Cisterns made, put in the ground, and warranted
tight by C. ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

COTTON BALLS AND BONNET WIRE.

American and English manufactured Cotton Balls
and Bonnet Wires, the first quality, and of all num-
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SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,

119 William Street,

March 10,

1099—tf

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The floating Wax Tapers which will burn ten hours
and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be
found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give
a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine
glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfect-
ly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick
and others who may require or wish a light during
the night.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book Store, No
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cents per box 1103

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aniel Smith, on the premises, who is going to remove to the
corner of Liberty street and Broad-way

April 14

1104 tf

CISTERN

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DUNN AND ROTHERY,
ROBEY STREET,

Two doors from Pearl-Street

April 14

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